

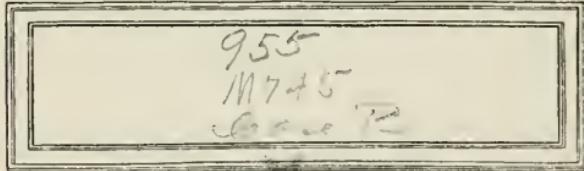
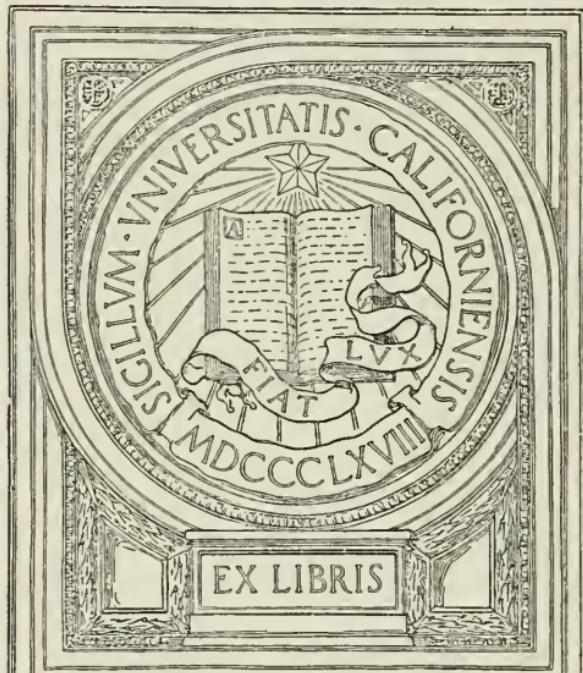
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MONKISH MYSTERIES.

London: P. & D. Colnaghi & Sons.

MONKISH MYSTERIES;
OR, THE
MIRACULOUS ESCAPE:
CONTAINING
THE HISTORY AND THE VILLANIES
OF THE
Monk Bertrand;
THE
DETECTION OF HIS IMPIOUS FRAUDS,
AND SUBSEQUENT
REPENTANCE AND RETRIBUTION.

To his own breast
Thus conscience turns th' assassin's knife,
And makes him deeply feel the stab he gave !

ANON.

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MONKISH MYSTERIES;

OR, THE

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

ABOUT sixteen years ago, Fredericus, of the house of M.— became Prince and Bishop of the city of S.— and its dependencies. His courtiers failed not to enforce the doctrine of divine right and arbitrary power, which the people resisted with so much firmness, that the new sovereign found it expedient to call in the aid of religion; but, alas! he soon perceived that the age of bigotted influence was gone, and that the world sought more to be happy here, with beauty and affluence, than to wait for the pleasures of the world to come. This dereliction was a source of great unhappiness to Fredericus, because it relaxed the morals of the people, and the advantages of the church.— Yet he was not discouraged at bringing about a reformation, by the help of fasting, penance, humiliation, and ceremonial acts, which he immediately ordered to be carried into execution. At this time in the convent of the Franciscans lived a ghastly Monk, who was in his manner deeply sanctified, in his austerities remarkably severe, and in his admonitions the scourge of vice and irreligion.

One day, when the Bishop preached pontifically, the holy man, with tottering and hurried steps, made his way to the pulpit.— His dress exhibited the greatest disorder, and from the knotty parts of his scourge large drops of blood fell on his bare feet.— Having ascended the pulpit, after praying some time he fixed his eye on the large cross that stood at the high altar, and set up a piercing moan.— A second groan followed, and then he informed the awe-stricken congregation, that, on account of their wickedness, in a week from that day, at that very hour, and in the metropolitan church,

MONKISH MYSTERIES.

would be displayed a miracle of a most tremendous nature; which they might then see, hear, and touch, if they dare.— He concluded with a dreadful denunciation if they persisted in their horrid unbelieving impieties, and quitted the pulpit with the awful words—“ Remember, O ye people!”—The guilty stood aghast, the devotees prayed; and all the congregation anxiously wondered what would be the dreaded visitation.

At length the day arrived, and the church was as full as it could contain. Being the second of November, All-souls day, funeral services are performed for the dead. The tapers were lighted at the close of the twilight, while the solemn organ played a slow air to the chaunt of the choristers.— The Monks having entered, holding lighted tapers, and the Franciscans being arranged round the high altar, (under which lay the body of Stephanus Bernardus, the first bishop and patron of the city, who was buried 1200 years ago,) the holy Abbot proceeded, with a firm and meditating step, to his seat. To give the church a more solemn appearance its usual decorations were all clothed in black, except that here and there crossed bones and dead men's skulls were painted on the cloth, to add to the gloom of the scene. The Abbot, after a short address to the people, suddenly started up, and staring wildly round exclaimed, “ The hour is come! Lo, ye impious ones, the awful moment is at hand!” Suddenly a rumbling noise was heard from the interior of the altar; the black pall which covered it became agitated, swelled, heaved, and stood extended;—a terrible explosion ensued, the altar shook, and was rent in twain, when, out of the gap arose, clad in a winding sheet, the venerable body of the canonized Bishop! The apparition having regarded the affrighted multitude, glided into the choir, and thence proceeded to the pulpit, flames of glory encircling his head.— Having ascended it, he gave his blessing, and made the sign of the cross; then, in a voice of angelic melody, he informed them that the prayers of the pious Abbot had called him from the dead to admonish them of the destiny that was preparing for them; and to warn them, that, if they refused to pay implicit obedience to their Sovereign Prince, as God's Vicegerent, they would, at the end of the third day, exist only in the everlasting torments of hell!” The heavenly visitor now returned to his tomb, his face beaming with radiance; and, bestowing his last blessing on the congrega-

tion, sunk into his grave.—The effect on the congregation was that which might be expected.—Plaints and contrition were every where heard, and the Monks unsparingly lashed themselves. In this state of the worship, a young man, of a majestic aspect, about four and twenty years of age, rose up, and in a dignified manner undauntedly avowed, that the whole was a gross imposition and forgery, done so bunglingly as to disgrace even a theatrical representation, and therefore too weak to enslave rational beings.

The auditory now became divided, and the Abbot saw that nothing but a new miracle could save the credit of the last: advancing therefore to the speaker, he exclaimed, “Hear, O heaven, the voice of thy servant! If there be falsehood in this awful vision, then let this abettor of the devil escape hence without harm:—if it be true, let thy signal vengeance await him!” In an instant the stranger sunk under the ground, and flames blazed out of the pit that had ingulphed him. The Abbot then commanded profound silence, and the offender’s voice was heard from beneath the pavement, crying in a tone of horror, “Spare! oh! spare my immortal soul!” The Monk having addressed the congregation on the awful warning, bid them beware, and then dismissed them.

Albina Lannoy, Marchioness of Barfeldt, a young lady of excellent beauty, fortune, and conduct, had several times fallen into hysterics since the above fatal catastrophe. No one dared to suppose the stranger and she were acquainted, since she had not been in church that evening, and he had but come to the city of S.—the day before; the landlord where he lodged spoke well of him, and added that his servant, having previously discharged his master’s account, had absconded with every article of value belonging to him. On the morning of the Monk’s prediction, the magistrates and citizens came to surrender their rights, and the Prince Bishop submitted to receive their homage, because it was the will of heaven:—he then withdrew to avoid the congratulations of his court, and retired to repose like a saint.—After midnight, however, a great bustle was observed in the palace, and the Abbot was sent for: he spent the night, it was said, in prayer with the Bishop, and in the morning retired with the marks of perturbation on his countenance. Shortly after which, by the Bishop’s intercession, the Abbot

was promoted to be the General of the order of the Franciscans. At this juncture the Marchioness of Barfeldt received a letter from Jacques Rameau, containing the memoirs of his master, who had so suddenly disappeared. He had remitted them from Switzerland, whither he had flown for safety; induced thereto by the base calumnies of the priests. The following is the substance of their contents, somewhat corrected from Rameau's account.

IN one of the interior counties of England had lived for several centuries the Stanley family; they had long possessed a sufficiency of property to add the title of Esquire, and were universally beloved and respected. At Oxford Mr. George Stanley became acquainted with a young nobleman, whose parents sent him over to India to repair his shattered fortune.—Thither Mr. Stanley accompanied his patron, and returned some years after a Nabob. At home he married a statesman's daughter, by whom he had Sir Thomas Stanley, who at coming of age found himself possessed of half a million sterling. His father had died of *good living* some years before. Nursed in the bosom of opulence, Sir Thomas soon became the purchaser of every expensive gratification and the dupe of every sharper.—He early tasted the sweets of marriage with a Swiss young lady, by whom he had the subject of the present memoirs.

His lady died in twelve years from her marriage, and at the time of her death Sir Thomas's circumstances were so desperate, that he flew to Switzerland, where he had a small estate of his wife's, of the yearly value of one hundred pounds sterling, which reverted to his son when of age, whom he took with him. Displeased with the antique and Gothic castle he now occupied, so different to the elegant villas he had recently quitted, he grew quite miserable. His son was also an object of self-reproach, and therefore he sent him as a boarder to the schoolmaster of a neighbouring village.—About a mile from the school stood a neat cottage, the garden of which abounded in luxuriant and scarce fruits.—It was the ripening month of June, and the coolness of the evening had invited the owner of the cottage to walk in his garden: he was suddenly startled by the rustling of leaves, and beheld some juvenile plunderers endeavouring to make

their escape.—He seized one of them, whose shrill cries were heard by Edward Stanley, then eleven years of age.—The urchin ran to the spot, and interceded for his pardon by urging that he had brought him there.—The old man was so much charmed with the frank manner of Edward and his fine person, dressed in the English loose style, that, after an exhortation to come and eat when they pleased, but not to pilfer, he let them go.

The owner of this humble abode was Charles Louis Pascal, then in his fiftieth year.—He had been sent to the chateau of Vincennes for thinking the people had rights as well as kings, and was liberated on condition of expatriating himself: in his retirement he lived unmolested, except that the parson called him an atheist because he maintained that charity is more serviceable to man than faith. On returning to his cottage he perceived something was wanting to his happiness.—The child had told him his country, his father's name, and where he was at school. The next morning Pascal repaired to the pedagogue, and asked him respecting the general character of the English boy.—The master stated that he was a very untractable rude child; that he deranged the order of his school by the eccentricity of his example and opinions; and that, though he acquired all that was taught him with rapidity, it was only by fits and starts he would learn. Pascal in short, having gathered from the master that he would do every thing by persuasion and nothing by force, took his leave, and repaired to the chateau of Edward's father, where he waited two hours before he could be admitted to an audience of Sir Thomas.—Pascal stated to the Baronet that he had conceived a friendship for his son, and, finding his present master inadequate to the instruction of a boy of such bright intellect, he would educate him at his own cottage gratuitously. The dialogue ended by Sir Thomas saying that he would speak to his son that evening, and take another opportunity of talking with M. Pascal on the subject.

M. Pascal, finding that he must make use of a more powerful agent than reason with the Baronet, soon after offered him a loan of 200 louis at the usual interest; stating as the motive, that he had heard his shortness of cash prevented him from repairing his chateau. This had the desired effect, for Sir Thomas removed his son to M. Pascal's immedi-

ately after the receipt of the money. The parson applied to the Baronet upon the danger of trusting his son with an Infidel; but, as he did not back his advice with any money, it lost all its weight.—M. Pascal had in eye Rousseau's system of education, and, though Edward cannot be said to approach to the Emilius of that great man, his virtues did credit to the tator he was now placed under.—The only visitors at the cottage were Mrs. Lannoy and her niece Albina. The former was much beloved, and her niece promised to be equally graceful in her mind and person. Beside her parents, she dwelt in the old Gothic family mansion, under her aunt's protection, who doated on her; but at whose decease the estate devolved to another branch of the family. Jacques Rameau was her foster-brother, and always attended her to the cottage when her aunt did not want her; it was an interesting scene to see the old man in summer pointing out to his pupil the beauties of nature, and descanting in winter on the many blessings within our reach. As the young couple grew in years, he would sometimes unite their hands together, and bid Edward be her protector, while his reward was to be the affection of Albina, if he possessed a heart as virtuous as her own.

The fortitude of our juvenile hero was shortly after exhibited in the following instance.—On one of the dark evenings of Christmas, the snow had fallen so deep, that Rameau and Edward could not return from Mrs. Lannoy's to the castle.—Several other children were detained there that night from the same cause, who, when the old lady had retired to rest, seated themselves round the old-fashioned chimney, and began to tell numerous stories of ghosts and goblins, to their own great terror and the amusement of Edward, who accounted for some in a rational manner, and ascribed the rest to credulity.—At night, when in a profound sleep, Edward was abruptly awakened by a violent shaking and a deep groan. Astonished, he sat up in his bed, and beheld the terrified head of a spectre; balls of fire supplied the place of eyes, and flames issued from its mouth.—Undismayed he reached a large earthen pitcher at the bedside, and discharged it full at the object, when down it fell with a horrid crash, and he heard the sound of footsteps hurrying out of the room. The next morning he found the cause of his alarm had been a pumpkin, hollowed out, and candles stuck in various holes.

At the age of twenty Edward was to have the hand of Albina, and he had now arrived within a few months of it. One day while he was sitting in the apartment of Mrs. Lannoy, with Albina beside him, Pascal's housekeeper came rushing in, followed by Rameau; four men on horseback had seized Pascal, and carried him away to the castle of Vincennes. Edward immediately dispatched Rameau to the cottage, who returned with an account that the travellers had turned into the high road that leads from Switzerland to Franche Comté.—A pause ensued among the afflicted parties, which Albina at length broke, on observing Edward look wistfully at her. "Go," said she; "trace our friend; relieve him, and then return to your Albina!"—Edward tenderly embraced her and Mrs. Lannoy, and, attended by Rameau, set off in the dark to pursue the villains, who took a bye road, and arrived at Arbois with their prisoner.

Edward, on reaching the borders of France, dismounted, full of grief and disappointment. He directed Rameau to return to Albina, to assure her of his love and resolution to liberate Pascal before he saw her—The good servant requested to attend him; but Edward maintained his resolution of walking to Paris, as a quicker mode of getting there than on horseback; thus, after shedding some tears, they separated. A few years before this period, a man of a singular cast appeared in the neighbourhood of Pascal's cottage.—He was by birth the illegitimate son of a priest by one of his female penitents, and had been sent from the foundling-hospital to a charity-school. Arrived at manhood, this man, Bertrand, was guilty of a considerable theft; in consequence of which he fled to Switzerland, and assumed the name of Mystere. This man had a characteristic peculiarity, which attracted attention.—His stature was tall; his visage thin, pale, and ferocious: he loved storms and solitude, and the traveller sunk at his dark gliding aspect—The people thought him wise because he was unsocial; in his heart he was thirsty of grandeur and power, and all his schemes were directed to accomplish this end.—Finding Switzerland ill adapted to promote his schemes, he repaired to Paris, and was on the point of removing from that capital, when a circumstance opened to him a field for his dark purposes.—An unprincipled writer had published a licentious and severe pamphlet against the Government, affixing the

name of Pascal to it — A reward was offered of 20,000 livres for the discovery of the supposed author, and the reward was too great for Bertrand to resist.—He hated Pascal, who had long seen into his heart, and he now determined, with five other desperadoes, to convey him from his peaceful retreat to the Chateau of Vincennes, which we have seen he effectually performed. Four of the confederates agreed to take 1000 livres each for their services, which was paid; but the fifth insisting on a proportional share of the reward, high words ensued, and Mystere, to secure his fidelity, drew a dagger, and slew him.—The police taking cognizance of the affair, the murderer was obliged to secrete himself, bearing in his bosom that worm which dieth not. In this state for the present we shall leave him, and turn to the journey of our hero to Paris.

With a great depression of spirits he reached the capital of Franche Comté, and enquired of the fate of Pascal without success. He rose early in the morning to pursue his journey.—Having arrived within a day's march of its termination, he put up for a night at a village inn, and, tempted by the beauty of the evening, sauntered about the neighbouring grounds. A ruined old building attracted his attention; the narrow stone stair-case of which he mounted, and explored the chambers above. In the last of these he thought he heard a man breathe, but the night had advanced too far to distinguish objects. He listened, and found he was in a broken agitated sleep.—In a moment he heard these words, “ See how he bleeds! — Ah! that stab!” “ Who is there?” cried Edward. “ Am I betrayed then?” exclaimed a voice, which seemed to be making an escape. Edward, thinking it dangerous to prosecute the mystery in the dark, began to retreat, and when he reached the landing place, unconscious there were two winding staircases, took an opposite one to that he had ascended by. He now wandered in obscurity, till a twinkling light appeared in the chamber, and seemed to move round him in the crevices of the walls. A sliding door then opened, and a person holding a lantern entered, who began to explore the apartment: he held a dagger in his hand, and his head was muzzled up — Edward, who was concealed behind a heap of stones, finding it impossible to remain unobserved, watched an opportunity, and suddenly sprang upon the stranger, seized the dagger, and, before the other had recovered his surprise, he turned the

lantern to his face, and beheld the features of *Mystere*!—A mutual recognition ensued, but when Edward related the words *Mystere* had uttered in his sleep, the traits of guilt and confusion overspread his malignant features, and he instantly rummaged in his bosom for a dagger to dispatch Edward. The latter however, aware of his purpose, threatened him with instant death if he drew forth any weapon. *Mystere* then enquired if Edward had left Albina unprotected in Switzerland; and Edward anxiously asked if he knew any thing of the fate of poor Pascal.—A malignant smile sat on the visage of *Mystere* at this question, the answer to which was interrupted by the sound of footsteps.—“I am betrayed!” exclaimed *Mystere*; and he darted a harmless blow with the concealed dagger at Edward, as he flung himself through the sliding pannel. The massy door of the chamber that had been barred for ages was now forced, and several men rushed in and seized Edward.—In vain he urged the mistake they lay under; they carried him to the inn, where, after a minute investigation of his person, it was declared he was not the man wanted, and he was permitted to proceed to Paris, which he reached the next day, without farther accident.

His first object was to fly to Vincennes, but, having no order for admittance, the gaoler sent him from the gate without an answer. He then returned to Paris, and, undismayed by this first rebuff, obtained at length an order of admission from a casual friend he had made. He now retraced his steps to the chateau, and was ushered into the interior of the prison.—Here darkness reigned at noon day, and two guides came to conduct him to the massy staircase that led to Pascal’s dungeon. Arrived at the door, the jailer thrust him in, and bolted the ponderous fastenings.—At the farther end sat Pascal, reading a book by the light which descended through a small grated window. Supposing the person who had entered to be the turnkey, he just looked up, and then resumed his meditation.—Edward, unable to conceal his feelings, threw himself at his feet, and announced his name; when the old man, bending his venerable head, flung his arms over the youth’s neck, and wept. “O my father!” exclaimed Edward, “how lost to all feeling must the barbarian be who could tear you from your home and happiness, to shorten your days in a dungeon like this!” Pascal declared he forgave his enemies,

whatever might be their intention; and then introduced a long conversation on the immortality of the soul. "O my father!" exclaimed the ardent youth, pressing the old man in his arms, "what a foretaste of heaven have you given me!—I will never quit you from this time!" Edward's entreaties however could only prevail upon Pascal to let him stay one month, but he would by no means suffer the young man to be a sharer in his confinement. The honest youth at length took his leave, determined to exert his utmost influence to procure the old man's freedom, and fondly conceived, that, if he could see the Minister, and assert Pascal's innocence, he would then be confronted with his accuser, and his release be the immediate consequence. In this hope he obtained an audience of the Minister, and was listened to attentively for a few minutes, when the statesman was called off to other concerns.

In this manner did our hero spend a month, urging his request in the morning, and in the evening making his report to his old friend.—One day Edward was prevented from going to Pascal's apartment by the turnkey, and he learned this denial was in consequence of a conspiracy having been formed by a number of prisoners to effect their escape, Edward returned to Paris full of imprecations at the injustice done to his friend, but his complaints were attended to neither by the higher orders nor plebeians. Tired of staying at Paris, the image of his beloved Albina recurred to his mind as the only comfort left him, and he determined to return to Switzerland,—whither he began his slow and desponding progress.

During the time our hero moves to Switzerland, we shall relate some events that happened during his absence.—Jacques Rameau had scarcely returned from parting with his master, when Mrs. Lannoy received a letter from her only sister, the Marchioness of Barfeldt, dated S.—in Germany.—Being at the point of death, she earnestly intreated her to hasten to S.—, and Mrs. Lannoy immediately set out for that city, accompanied by her niece, her housekeeper, and Rameau. The Marchioness lived to expire in the arms of her sister, to whom she bequeathed her title and her valuable possessions. Mrs. Lannoy had not long left her in vision, when Mystere, whose escape from the ruined castle of Tournaire has been related, arrived in Switzerland, and, observing her house shut up, he got through one of

the windows into an apartment, where he slept that night. The next morning, perceiving several letters on the table, he broke the seals, and perused them.—Some were from Edward, and others from Mrs. Lannoy and her niece.—Mystere, thus acquainted with circumstances which will be afterwards detailed, feared not to repair to the city of S.—though in that place he committed the theft slightly mentioned in a previous page.

Edward Stanley arrived at Montmare, Mrs. Lannoy's residence, in one of the dark nights of November.—He knocked, but could make no one bear; he flew to a neighbouring cottage, but found no one at home: he then returned to the mansion, and forced his way in as Bertrand had done: he perceived that the inhabitants had left it, and sat down on some straw to speculate on the causes of their removal, in which position, overcome with fatigue, he fell fast asleep. In the middle of the night he awoke, startled by a horrid dream, and heard footsteps slowly and heavily march into Albina's apartment beneath. In a few minutes all was quiet, and he descended to learn the cause of what he heard.—He entered, but every function of his body and soul was suspended, when he saw a coffin, covered with a pall, lying on a table, and surrounded by large sable wax tapers.—Twice he advanced in despair to see if the plate of the coffin bore the name of Albina; he stood irresolute; and paused till the sound of steps again ascending the stairs made him retreat behind a curtain in the room.—A young lady in deep mourning now entered the place, and eagerly approached the coffin: it was Albina, and Edward's heart bounded for joy! She lifted up the lid of the coffin, and then, looking wistfully at the deceased, exclaimed, “Where shall the orphan Albina seek for counsel and protection now her beloved aunt is no more!—Under whose wing shelter herself from the snares of the perfidious!” “Where,” exclaimed our hero, falling at her feet, “but in the arms of your faithful Edward!” He was proceeding, but she shrunk from his touch, and fell senseless on the ground, after uttering a piercing shriek. Her lover had raised her to a chair, when he felt himself touched by a kind of wand, and heard a hollow deep voice awfully pronounce these words: “Forbear! I command thee to forbear!” Edward now perceived a tall figure, clad in a loose black gown, and veiled.—While he held Albina in one hand, he suddenly tore off the veil with

the other, and beheld the worm-eaten skull of a skeleton whose eyes rolled awfully in their sockets. Albina, who was now recovering from her swoon, cast her eyes upon the horrid spectre, and with a dreadful scream, again sunk upon the floor. "Miscreant!" cried Edward, as he sprang upon the figure, "for this thou shalt atone!" A severe struggle ensued, in which he tore off the mask, and Mystere's fell visage flashed on his sight!—The mask he had worn was even less hideous than his ferocious countenance, which Edward pinned to the wall; the room was soon filled with people, drawn thither by the struggle, to whose charge he committed Mystere, while he flew to assist Albina's servants in recovering her.

Having removed her to another apartment, he went to enquire the cause of Mystere's appearance at Montmare, and was surprised that he and the person to whom he had been consigned had made their escape.—At four o'clock Edward received a note, requesting his immediate attendance at the parsonage. He loitered about the apartment of Albina, who yet continued in hysterics, till five o'clock, and then set off. It was just dark when he crossed the Doctor's garden, and thought he saw a figure like that of Mystere behind the hedge.—Without however stopping to enquire, he entered Dr. Stedfast's house. The object of the Doctor was to know if Pascal had made any conveyance of his estate to Edward, which not appearing to be the case, he hoped to get it into his own hands, as its revenue had been converted to his own pious disposal since Pascal's imprisonment, under the permission of some truly Christian trustees. Dr. Stedfast then kept Edward a long time in conversation, and at length suffered him to depart.

It was nine when he returned to the mansion, where the same stillness and darkness he had observed the preceding night reigned through the whole house. Albina too was gone, but the coffin and tapers remained. Pacing the room under the uncertainty of this mysterious scene, he saw a letter, directed to him, lying on the mantle-piece. It was the hand-writing of Albina, and contained a positive rejection of his future love, which, since the acquisition of her aunt's property and rank, and her trip to S.—, in Germany, had become necessary alike to her interest and reputation. She offered him her fortune and favour, confessed that he still possessed her esteem, but avowed that her person never should

be his!—It was signed with her name.—Edward could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses; it was impossible that Albina could have forgotten the generous maximis she once held; and yet the cold look she received him with, and her absence at this moment from the house, too fully confirmed that she had renounced him.

He now turned to the corpse, and lifting off the lid exclaimed, “Happy woman!” While he regarded her, some liquid blood fell in drops on her pale face.—Others succeeding, he lifted the taper to the ceiling, to discover whence it flowed. Some of the sanguinary fluid now falling on the flame, it sparkled, hissed, and became extinguished. With a sudden resolution Edward now seized another, and mounted to the room he had occupied the night before. Having forced the door, he searched about, but saw no cause for this horrid phenomenon, till, fixing his eye on the straw, he fancied he saw it heave and sink.—A faint sound soon after issued from it, and convinced Edward a living object lay beneath the bundles. On removing them, he beheld the body of a man weltering in his blood, which oozed from several stabs and cuts.—He then gently raised the corpse, and carried it to the apartment below; when he had in some measure cleansed the man’s face, he discovered it to be Albina Lannoy’s foster-brother, the faithful Rameau. Edward watched by him all night, and in the morning he procured both a nurse and a surgeon for the worthy man, and ordered that no expense should be spared for his recovery.

In less than four months Rameau was able to walk, and, in one of his conversations with Edward, gave the following account of himself since their separation:—“Soon after Mrs. Lannoy succeeded to her sister’s title and estates, it was perceived she would not long survive her; and she bequeathed all the property to her beloved niece. The day before Albina’s departure for Switzerland, to effect the burial of her aunt in the family vault; Rameau received a note from her, dispensing with his services, as she meant to break off all connection with Edward Stanley, and to discharge every servant that might remind her of him. On that same day he was seized by a party of hussars, and laid in prison without any accusation. Getting away however in three days, he proceeded to Switzerland, to receive his discharge from her own mouth; and on arriving there observed

the servants in the act of making preparations for a new journey.—On entering the house, he was seized and conveyed to the chamber where Edward found him. Rameau in struggling to get free drew his cutlass, and wounded some of his opponents, but at length, overpowered by numbers, he fell exhausted with loss of blood and wounds, and the villains covered him with straw, leaving him to his fate.

It will be necessary now to take a view of some events long before the present, to obviate the obloquy which may attach to the character of Albina. Fredericus, Abbé of C.—before he became the Prince-bishop of S.—, usually spent a part of the year in Switzerland. As an old acquaintance of Mrs. Lamoy, he often visited Montinare-castle, and fell in love with Albina.—He also knew Edward Stanley, from his daily attendance at the mansion: Mystere, at that time in Switzerland, thrust himself into the Abbé's notice; but, when the latter removed to his princely see at S.—, he forgot Mrs. Lamoy, Albina, and his promises to Mystere. Now, when Bertrand fled from Paris to Switzerland, and got possession of some letters in Mrs. Lamoy's house, as before related, he received sufficient instruction from them to induce him to repair to S.— where Fredericus had renewed his suit to Albina, but was rejected. Here Bertrand by his austerities made himself noticed by the Abbot of the Franciscans, who admitted him as a novice within the precincts of the Convent. Here his well-supported hypocrisy gained the approbation of the Monks, and he began even to reverence the austerities of religion, which were suitable to his gloomy temper. Meantime the gallantry of the Bishop to the lovely stranger was the general theme of conversation, and Mystere saw that the Prince's weakness must be the road to his own advancement.

Filled with this idea, he one day waited on Fredericus, announced himself, and presented him with the letters, assuring his highness that means might be effectually taken to remove this Edward Stanley, as he was the bar to his favourable reception with Albina. The plan he proposed was, to forge a plausible account of his death, while he was at Paris, and, if he attempted to enter the Prince's dominions, to have his person so well described to the examining officers, as to procure his immediate arrest; thus would a heretic be prevented from uniting with one of the holy Roman faith. The Bishop approved the plan, and Bertrand

had sent a letter to a friend at Paris, enclosing another in his went from that city to Albina, containing an account of Edward's death. Albina was passing her usual duty to her dying aunt when this circumstanced letter arrived, with every mark of authenticity about it.—She bewailed with the deepest grief the loss of her lover, and the death of her aunt, whose funeral she resolved to attend herself to Switzerland, and then seclude herself in Montmire-Castle. Bertrand, in consequence of this event, was despatched to follow her, and, in consideration of being made Vicar of the Franciscans, undertook to bring her back. The friars who attended her were all fain't over to the Monk's interest, but Rameau was to be dealt with in another manner. He received a forged letter of dismissal from Albina, and then was arrested, but soon after escaped, and made his way to Montmire-Castle, as before related.

Bertrand followed her carriage closely, and assumed the dress of a courouze.—When he saw Edward in the room where Albina had caused to wrap over her dead aunt, he knew every thing ought to be risked to prevent an explanation of the story of his death at Paris. He then stalked from the closet, and having escaped from the hands of Edward, he flew to Dr. Steinast, and contrived under a plausible pretence the scheme of the Doctor's sending for and retaining Edward till he removed Albina from Montmire. Notwithstanding Rameau's opposition, Bertrand carried off the young lady to the city of S.—, previously leaving on her an envelope that letter which Edward afterwards found. Albina was conveyed to her hotel in the most deplorable state of mind.—The transient sight she had had of her dead lover appeared as the effect of an incoherent dream. Not waiting some time, the vanquished Bishop would have resorted to violence, but Myller's ambition turned his attention to another channel.—This was the bold artifice in the church, which produced the effect of bestowing absolute power on the Prince.

Before we explain the springs by which this performance was executed, we will follow our hero in his route to his native country. Having by easy journeys reached London, and partly by the efforts of reason abated the keen pangs which Albina's remonstration had first given him, he was soon called upon to exhibit himself in a boxing match.—

A fellow, in coming out from a pot-house, elbowed him with great insolence; conceiving he was intoxicated, Edward marched on, but the man followed, and, spite of his remonstrance, thrust him into the kennel, not suspecting that a Frenchman could resist; in this, however, he soon found his mistake by a violent knock-down blow from Edward.—A mob immediately gathered round, and insisted that the parties should fight it out *fairly*; but Edward, who was satisfied with the revenge he had taken, pressed through the crowd to get away.—The fellow now came up to him, and levelled a severe blow on his face.—The young man, no longer able to contain his choler, struck in his turn; this was the signal for a regular ring, and the making of bets. Edward was tall, sinewy, and firmly proportioned; his antagonist was also a stout man, above the middle size, an expert boxer, and a hard drinker. Edward knew nothing of the pugilistic art, but his wind was unimpaired, and he was capable of long-continued exertion. In the course of a well-contested struggle, the bets changed from five to one against Edward, to ten to one in his favour. Edward, finding that he held his man at his mercy, told him; that, he did not mean to fight any more, having already beat him enough to teach him better manners. This was considered as giving it in by all the parties, the losing side of whom seemed ready to tear him to pieces for *playing booty*, and asked him if he really meant to take them in in such a manner?—Edward gave them a severe reproof for their brutality, and, finding the clamour increase, escaped into a coffee-house till the mob had dispersed.

Having spent a fortnight in London, Edward, naturally fond of rural life, with pleasure bent his way to his native shire of Hereford, all the way endeavouring to augment his stock of agricultural and commercial knowledge. He made himself known to his relations, and from his demeanour was every where received with respectful kindness. No tidings of Sir Thomas having reached the family for a long time, he received the appellation of Sir Edward Stanley. The new Baronet however soon sunk in the esteem of his relatives, who with surprise saw him handling the plough and the chisel; employing one part of the week in earning his own livelihood, and devoting the other to acts of kindness and counsel.—He was an arbitrator in disputes, a physician in sickness, and an adviser in distress.—A conduct so replete with

philanthropy gave him free access to the love of all the good, and that of the opulent he cared little about.

At Bodenham, between Hereford and Lemster, lived an old gouty uncle of Edward's, who invited our hero to stay a few days with him, pleased with the frankness of his manner and his entertaining knowledge. Hitherto our hero had sought for no other attachment than that of Albina; but, after a twelvemonths residence in Herefordshire, he began to feel a growing fondness for the portionless daughter of a poor curate, when the sudden arrival of Jacques Rameau at Bodenham recalled his wandering affections to their original object. Edward flew into his arms the moment he saw his faithful friend, and the old squire made him so heartily welcome, that before night Rameau, what with joy and cider, was completely intoxicated.

The next day Rameau gave the following account to Edward since their separation. "After your departure for England, I remained some time at Montmire; but when I had duly weighed the Marchioness of Barfeldt's strange conduct to you and myself, the attempt to assassinate me, and Mystere's disappearance from the castle at the time the Marchioness secretly departed, I saw a mystery run through the whole, and therefore determined to visit the city of S.—Disguised as a labouring man, I got admittance into the Marchioness's garden. She was mostly attended by a female, a waiting-woman of the first Marchioness's. Though her plaintive looks often rent my heart, it was a month before I could make myself known to her.—When her expressions of joy at seeing me had subsided, she asked me why I had left her; I pleaded her written discharge, which she assured me was false. At this moment her servant approaching, I adjourned our discourse till the next morning, knowing the danger of being observed. On the same evening chance led me into the church of the Franciscans, where the holy Abbot was delivering an animated oration in praise of the deceased's virtue and piety.—I recognised after a time the features of the preacher to be those of Mystere. Lost in thought at this strange discovery, I regarded not the finish of the service.—When I arose, I found the doors locked, and there was no other prospect than passing the night in the church.—After having taken a short nap, I awoke, and, casting my eyes about, perceived a form, clad in white, glide

behind the high altar.—The villainy Mystere then came in from one of the cloister doors with a flambeau, and cautiously examined the church to see if any one remained in it.—Having satisfied himself, he then stepped to the pulpit, and returned to the altar, on which he deposited his torch, and walked several times round it.—Suddenly he pronounced the word “Now!”—when a noise issued from the interior of the altar, the front opened, and out stalked the same white form I had seen before.—The celestial inhabitant then ascended the pulpit, and delivered in a soft voice a discourse on repentance and eternal punishment, after which he returned to the altar, and was re-entombed.—During this farce, Mystere took the liberty of assisting the spirit in its address, and made many corrections and additions, all of which were taken in good part.

Mystere had just finished the performance when a man entered the church, and delivered him a note.—On perusing it he exclaimed, “Jacques Rameau in this city—disguised, and to hold a conference with the Marchioness to-morrow morning!—Here,” said he to the man, “tell the good waiting-woman his Highness and I are obliged to her, and that what she speaks of *never* will take place.” Knowing that the interview with my lady was now utterly impossible, I came over to England to inform you of this strange affair.” Edward having advised with Rameau whether he should go to the relief of Albina, who had neglected to answer his letters from Paris, and had afterwards discarded him, it was agreed to return to the continent after a week’s longer stay at Bodenham. The two friends took leave of the country squire with much regret, and reached the city of S.—a day or two before the first of November, the eve of the day when the great miracle of the resurrection took place.—Edward twice that day endeavoured to gain access to Albina, but was told she was indisposed. The Monk’s agents immediately announced to him the arrival of Edward, and every means was used to prevent the lovers having an interview.

It has already been mentioned that Edward addressed the people on the imposition which had been displayed before them as a miracle.—His subsequent fall, which the Monk saw was necessary to substantiate the previous trick, was managed in this manner: The large marble stone which lay in the centre of the choir, he had had taken up, and laid upon

an iron grate, which, by means of a spring, would fly off, and let the stone descend instantaneously. An agent of the Monk then watched the entry of Edward into the choir, and insensibly drew him to the precise spot, which, when his enemy saw, he exhibited him to the world as a second instance of God's judgment. To effect these great manœuvres, Father Bernard had fixed upon a young devotee, who had been lately admitted into the convent for his exemplary devotion and implicit submission to the holy fathers. The artful tongue of Bernard, whom the young saint believed to be inspired, soon wrought upon his weak understanding to further his schemes, which he entered into as the highest acts of piety and good will to men.—It was he who ascended the pulpit as the ghost, who let Edward through the trap-stone, and afterwards called out of the fiery gulph for mercy on his soul!

Edward had another strong motive in placing himself so conspicuously in the choir.—He had that morning been informed by his landlord, that a man was dying in his house, who had been confessing that he was concerned in forcing Louis Pascal from his cottage to Vincennes.—Edward flew to the departing culprit just in time to hear him say that the principal in the undertaking was *Mystere!* It was Edward's intention to have unmasked the hypocrite in full church, but, as we have seen, the Monk was yet an overmatch for him. When the monks had all withdrawn to their cells, *Mystere* at midnight entered the church, debating on the fate of Edward.—He canvassed the various ways of disposing of him, and at last ejaculated in a hollow tone, “By this dagger shall he die!” With hurried steps he was retreating to effect his purpose, when a voice pronounced the name of *Mystere!*—He started, and listened.—The voice then again spoke: “*Mystere*, robber of the *Reaumur* family, —perpetrator of the imprisonment of Pascal and the murder of thy comrade,—pander to a bishop, and betrayer of the people's liberties,—destroyer of the peace of the best of men, perhaps even now of his life,—thine hour is come!—Die, thou villain!”—A pistol was fired, which, hitting the handle of the Monk's poignard, drove it from his grasp. A second discharge followed, which struck the Abbot on the breast, and he fell on the pavement. The fury of the ball was spent against his missal, and when the attendants

rushed in on the report of the pistol, the Abbot piously fell on his knees in gratitude to heaven for his escape. An unsuccessful search was soon after made for the offender, and the Abbot retired to prepare for his interview with Edward. When Edward fell through the choir, he received no other injury than being stunned by the fall: on his recovery, he found himself chained to a column in total darkness.—The struggles he made to get free at length overcame him, and lie sunk exhausted on the floor.

Six and thirty hours had he endured the gnawing pains of hunger, when the Abbot, in a monastic garb, entered his cell; and, having lighted a lamp that hung from the roof, he regarded Edward with a ferocious stare.—The Abbot would not have delayed his visit so long, but that he was sent for by the Prince, who detained him several hours; and it was now midnight when he entered the horrid abode of his victim.—The keen reproaches and fearless conduct of Edward soon raised Mystere's fury to its zenith; and, drawing a dagger, he plunged it in his bosom!—The wound bled, but was not deep: a secret motive had weakened the blow. “I reserve thee,” exclaimed the furious Monk, “for a slower death.—Here is thy pittance for this day; it shall be lessened day by day till you gnaw your own flesh for sustenance.” He then deposited a small loaf and a phial of water, and retired, after bolting the door.

Edward, refreshed by his scanty meal, felt hope revive within him.—The statue to which he was chained being in a bending posture, it was obvious there must be a bar of iron in its body to support it.—Perceiving the statue was firmly fastened to the pedestal, with the tongue of his buckle he loosened the cement: having picked off as much as he was able, he essayed to remove it from the pedestal, till his fatigue threw him into a sound sleep, from which he awakened greatly refreshed, but very hungry. He now thought it prudent to lie by till his jailor paid him a visit, and renewed his allowance. The Monk made his appearance in about an hour after, deposited his loaf and water, and then retired, threatening on the following night to chain him down to the floor.

Edward, having eaten his food, set about his liberation with a desperate resolution, well knowing the fatal consequence if he failed.—By dint of incessantly shaking the statue he loosened it from the pedestal, and perceived the

iron rod fastened to the base which ran up it. This he bent till it snapped off, and then applied it to force open the links of his chain, which soon fell at his feet.—Sufficient time having elapsed to expect another visit, he replaced every thing in the order in which it had stood, and, with the iron bar behind him, awaited the Monk's coming. He soon heard the rattling of the chains destined for him, and saw two Russians open the door, who advanced to manacle him. Mystere was not with them, being at that time with the Prince on the important business of the surrender of the citizens' liberties.—Edward grasping his iron bar levelled one of the unsuspecting villains in an instant; the other drew his pistol, but a back stroke with the same weapon made it fly from his hand.—Before the assassin had recovered the blow, Edward snatched the other pistol from his girdle, and the fellow fell on his knees, and begged his life, which was consented to on condition of chaining his dead companion to the pillar, and conducting Edward safely to the street.—This the man performed, and Edward once more found himself at liberty.—The vigour of our hero's mind was by no means abated from his recent imprisonment;—he burned with an ardent spirit to unmask on the first opportunity the villainy of the Prince, and his prime-counsellor the Abbot. Full of this idea he made his way to the palace; and unobserved reached the Bishop's bed side, on whom, and the Abbot, he vented his keenest threats; and retreated before the former had recovered his astonishment at the wonderful appearance of Edward.

Previously to quitting S.— he enquired of the landlady where he had lodged the fate of Rameau; but all he could learn was that the Marchioness was gone to her country-seat, whither Edward immediately determined to follow.—When Stanley twice endeavoured to gain admission to Albina at S.—, the last time she caught a full glimpse of him, and did not doubt it was her lover; but the recollection of the horrid scene at Montmire-Castle still made her fearful if it was reality. The hideous figure she then saw yet lived in her imagination.—Why had Rameau left her service; and why not kept the appointment he made in the garden? Why were her letters all unanswered? She little thought that these were all carried to the Bishop, and that the servants whom she directed to enquire after Edward were instructed to say he was dead.

Albina had taken into her service a young girl, remarkable for her simplicity, who had been present at the awful ceremony of the miracle in the church.—From her description of the young man who sunk into the pit, Albina was convinced it was her lover, and mourned him as a victim in the noble attempt of unmasking the frauds of hypocrisy.—Sorrowful and afflicted, she clad herself in mourning, and retired to her country seat. When Edward arrived there, it was four o'clock in the morning; and merriment and illumination seemed to run through the house.—He knocked at the door, and was admitted by a drunken porter to an opposite gallery; in a few moments a damsel, gaily drest, passed by, and as she earnestly looked at him, exclaimed, “The ghost! O my lady, the ghost!”— Albina immediately ran from her apartment, and stood transfixed at the sight of Stanley. “Madam,” said Edward, “I am sorry my presence should disturb your festivity.—While I am journeying to Switzerland, may you find in opulence and splendor an equivalent for the love of him you have rejected, and who now bids you farewell.” “Wrong me not thus!” exclaimed Albina: “Easily can I clear myself from every imputation, and sting your bosom with remorse for its unkindness.”—At this juncture some musicians advancing up-stairs, Albina’s woman called to them to arrest the man that was talking to her lady.—Edward, seeing force was necessary, soon laid two or three of the inebriated fiddlers sprawling, and made his escape while Albina lay in a fainting fit.

It is but justice here to state, that the festivity at the Marchioness’s was on account of the marriage of her waiting-maid, whose nuptial feast was celebrated that night.—When Prince Fredericus had somewhat recovered the appearance of the English heretic at his bed-side, he rang his bell, and ordered Father Bertrand to be sent for, who received the message with much reluctance, as he wished to have carried to him an account of the death of Edward, which he had now consigned to two assassins. His disbelief of the enlargement of Edward absolutely enraged the Prince, and the Abbot, putting on the courtier, set out to search into the truth of the affair.—When he arrived at the dungeon, the mystery of his escape was soon untold, by the man that Edward had forced to conduct him out.—He had returned to his dead companion, and the Monk now stabbed him to the heart for his cowardice and ill success; he then

dragged the bodies to the grave he had dug for Edward, and, closing the stone upon them, lost not a moment in dispatching emissaries every where to discover Edward, describing his person in printed papers, and calling him a Jacobin and a traitor.

The conduct of Albina was unhesitatingly directed by her affection, which called upon her to follow Stanley to Switzerland. At the moment when every thing was ready to set off, she was arrested upon the charge of holding a correspondence with a French emissary, and quietly resigned herself to her fate; to which we shall for the present leave her, and turn to Edward. On the fourth day of his march towards Montmire, he was accosted by a miserable being, whose diseased and wretched appearance was shocking to the eye of humanity.—As he dropped a few halfpence into the beggar's hat, he saw he was endeavouring to conceal what he thought was his handkerchief—he felt in his pocket, and it was gone.—The object now fell on his knees, implored mercy, and declared he was an Englishman, and his name Stanley. It was Edward's father!—The beggar rose with evident joy when the relationship was explained, and followed his son to an inn, where he procured him food, for he was almost famished. The Baronet now ate and drank till he could not stand, and was taken to some clean straw in an out-house. A burning fever attacked him in the morning, which lasted four weeks; during this time Edward by his hand-labour supported him, and bought him clothes. The misconduct of Edward's father soon brought on his annihilation. He disposed of the clothes his son had purchased for liquor, and, on the evening of the day previous to Edward's departure for Switzerland, he stole to the landlady's spirituous closet, and drank brandy sufficient to bring on his death, which took place the following day.—Thus perished Sir Thomas Stanley, who had moved in every character disgraceful to human nature, and at last died miserably!

Without meeting any particular adventure, our traveller now entered an inn on the border of Switzerland, and there saw lying in the window Raineau's pamphlet of his (Edward's) cruel treatment.—Edward at length once more reached his beloved home, and learned that Raineau was daily expected from Lucerne, in whose society he hoped to make his stay agreeable; in the mean time he made pil-

grimages to his father's house, to Pascal's cottage, and Montmire Castle. No letters had yet arrived from the Marchioness.—At the time our hero was in Germany, the destruction of the Bastille had been effected, and he anxiously hoped that the benefits of the revolution had extended to Pascal.—He now therefore wrote to his uncle in Herefordshire for remittances, and received an answer from the trustees of the old gentleman, informing him he was dead, and had left his nephew the Bodenham estate.—Edward immediately wrote back desiring the executors to raise a hundred pounds, and remit it to him, with which he intended to proceed to Paris to renew his search. While impatiently waiting these arrivals, Edward took a stroll one moonlight evening to Pascal's cottage. Having reached the avenue that led to the sacred spot, he descried an old man leaning on his staff, and wiping his eyes as he stood gazing at the ruined cottage; the sounds of Edward and Albina were sufficient to make Edward clasp him in his arms!—He supported the worthy enfeebled Pascal!—When their first effusions of joy were abated, Edward took him to Rameau's mother, where he himself lodged.—Pascal had been liberated in consequence of the Revolution, and had travelled without resting till the moment when Edward saw him. Deeply did Pascal regret the fallen state of Albina, and share in the honest joy of Rameau, who had returned from Lucerne, and, it is now proper to inform the reader, was the person that fired the pistols at Mystere in the church, to which he returned, after having seen Edward fall into his hellish pit.—Since that time Rameau had employed his leisure time in writing Stanley's history.—Pascal having reclaimed his cottage of Dr. Stedfast, sold it, and at length arranged a plan for retiring to England with Edward, while Rameau remained behind to discover the real situation of the Marchioness, and was afterwards to return to Bodenham.—We shall now take a view of the situation of Father Bertrand, since the Prince Bishop had procured for him the Generalship of the order of the Franciscans, in which capacity he exacted the strictest discipline and submission to his authority. Finding however after a time his influence with the Bishop was in the wane, and fearful the robbery of the Reaumur family might be fixed upon him, or Edward unmask his hypocrisy, he determined to visit Rome, to try the effect of his address on the mind of his

Holiness. His enemies in the mean time were preparing to send him there for another purpose.

The prime minister Wickland was the implacable enemy of the Abbot, and soon demonstrated to his master the danger of suffering the ambition of this man to lord it over him. A copy too of Rameau's narrative had reached him. The prime minister knew that the author's statement of the pious fraud in the church was quite correct, from his own concern in that transaction.—He also came to the knowledge of the Monk's theft on the Raumur family; he therefore sent for the elder Raumur, examined him, and advised secrecy. These and other facts were told to the Bishop, and such measures were taken to lay the business before the see of Rome, that the Franciscan received the blow without a suspicion of it. In the depth of winter, Father Bertrand left the city of S.—, pretending business of importance, and set off for Rome; he had in idea raised himself to a Cardinal's hat, when a party of cavaliers arrested him in the name of the holy Roman Inquisition. His hands were then bound behind him, the cabriolet was dismissed, and he was conveyed to an apartment at a small inn.—To keep up the farce of sanctity, he now knelt down, and invoked heaven to pardon the malice of his enemies; but in his bosom lurked the awful prospect of what he was to suffer under the Inquisition.—Awhile he was occupied with the means of escape; and had given over every prospect of enlargement, when it arose from a circumstance little expected. The good woman of the house had been a constant attendant at the sermons of Father Bernard; and she hastened with the news of his arrest to another of his admirers, who summoned a number of female gossips to talk on the occasion.

Now it happened that above a twelvemonth ago a malefactor had been hung for a murder, of which all the inhabitants supposed him innocent. Since the event, among other tremendous prodigies, his ghost had stalked about a neighbouring chapel, nor could holy water wash it away. The whole female assembly were decidedly of opinion that the commanding officer should be requested to suffer his holy prisoner to pass one night in the aforesaid chapel, as an effectual way to lay the perturbed spirit. This petition however was peremptorily refused, and the deputation returned unsuccessful. The gossips soon spread a report that

Father Bertrand was impiously detained, and the rumour brought numbers to the house, who unanimously determined to rescue him.—On their application to the commanding officer, he found them too formidable to contend with, and therefore prudently entered into a parley, in which it was agreed that they should surrender up five of their body as hostages for the safe return of the Abbot.—This being consented to, he was conducted to the house of the gossip, and at twelve o'clock at night set out for the scene of action, followed by a crowd of fanatics.

Having proceeded within twenty yards of the awful spot, he bade the people advance no farther, but pray for him while he entered the chapel, and encountered the spirit.—Not long after they heard a strange noise, a light flashed through the windows, and disappeared; then a voice in a majestic manner cried out, “Spirit of hell, avaunt!” The holy father now informed the people that the business was done, and shewed them the corpse of the convict, with the rope round its neck. The fact was, that the Monk had provided himself with the powder-flask and other articles of the gossip’s husband, who was a great poacher. In the chapel he took down the shrine of the saint, tied a rope round its neck, and covering it from the shoulders with a long cloke, he thus imposed on the gaping credulity of the fanatic mob, who, so far now from delivering up the holy Monk, accounted it an honour that five of their body should be in custody for his sake. Mystere, having given them all his blessing and absolution for what they were doing, was conveyed to the opposite shore; and there with a lantern in his hand entered a deep forest which had been pointed out to him. From the snow that lay on the ground, and the feeble light of his lantern, he soon lost his track, and re-measured his way back to the river side. On the opposite bank he perceived lights moving, and horsemen running to and fro; several boats too were rowing towards the spot where he stood: this bustle was no mystery to him; and therefore, throwing his lantern into the stream, he embosomed himself again in the forest, walked till spent with fatigue, and at length concealed himself in the cavity of a hollow bank. Nature presented him her horrors in this situation: a deep snow fell; a storm of wind succeeded, and keen frost.—He was bewildered, and uncertain what route to take, how to avoid pursuit, and once more

revisit the haunts of men.—Here hungry and pinched with cold, a retrospect of all his infamous atrocities successively presented themselves to his mind, and last of all that of surrendering up the lovely and indigent Albina to the lust of a mitred debauchee, whose pander he had condescended to become only in the end to be abandoned and betrayed. All these considerations stung his conscience to the quick, and he flung himself upon the ground. In the phrenzy of his despair, he drew his knife, and raised his arm to strike—but instinct arrested the blow, and the weapon fell to the ground.—Ashamed of his cowardice, he took it up again, and put the point to his breast. While he hesitated the tree that overspread the bank where he stood was shivered in twain by a flash of lightning;—a gust of wind tore it up by the roots, made bare the head of the wretched monk, exposed it to the pelting storm, and sported with his haggard form. Struck down with awe at the solemnity of the awful moment, he stood lost in profound contemplation till the feelings of human nature prevailed, and he endeavoured to seek a shelter from the elements, from hunger, detection, and fatigue.—As he rose for that purpose, among the mould torn up by the fall of the beech tree, he felt a brick; near the spot lay several others, which led him over an arch of a subterraneous apartment.—Having let himself down, he descended some stone steps, till a wooden gate arrested him, which he easily pushed away. The vault he was in by its sound appeared of a large extent, and the inequalities of the ground made him frequently stumble over stones of various shapes and sizes.

He had just begun to satisfy the cravings of nature, when a poor man, advanced in years, entered with a lantern, a spade, and other tools.—Having come to an elegant monument, he stopped, and heaved a sigh. The Monk hid himself, determined to watch the object of this feeble wretch at such an inclement season. “Alas!” cried the man, “it must be done!” He then burst open one of the monuments, looked in with anxiety, and exclaimed, “Here is nothing that can relieve my wants!” He was proceeding to another when Mystere approached him, and demanded who he was and what he wanted. The poor fellow threw himself at his feet, begged for pardon, called heaven to witness that distress had made him seek to rob the dead, and then an-

nounced that his name was Albert Reaumur!" "Reaumur!" cried the Monk in a voice of horror.—"Yes," replied the suppliant; "I have a wife and six children.—I was once industrious, and had some property in trade.—I took a friend into my house to relieve my distress; he was my counsellor, I trusted him with all my money, and he absconded,—left me to ruin and poverty! Yesterday, working on the forest, I found out these vaults, and necessity—" "Say no more!" said Mystere; "Rise, and take this note to Brother Jerome at the Franciscan convent.—Give it him privately, and tell him, that under the Virgin's altar lies concealed a small iron chest, of which this is the key. In it are six thousand ducats; bid him give you one half,—it is your property,—and keep the rest in remembrance of me." The Monk now wrote a note, with a pencil, and gave it to Reaumur, who begged to know the name of the benevolent person who had so unexpectedly befriended him. "Look on me!" cried Bertrand. "Behold in me thy friend and robber,—Mystere!—Begone,—away!—thy looks are daggers to my soul!" The Monk now drove the happy Reaumur from his sight, and felt a weight of self-applause in the restitution he had made, to which he had been a stranger for a long time.

Having secured the entrance to the vault, he wrapped himself up in his great coat, and lay down to rest. He had slept soundly for some time, when the noise of bursting open the door awoke him; in which state we shall leave him, and turn to Albina. Towards noon, on the day when Albina was arrested on a frivolous charge, the carriage in which she was conveyed reached a dismal and ancient building in the bosom of a deep forest. Here she was conducted through a lofty gate to the square court-yard of this Gothic pile, and thence to her apartment. The Prince did not suffer Albina to remain many days before he endeavoured to gratify his lust by force, but his feeble strength was inadequate to the purpose; and he left her vowed in three days to carry his vengeance and passion into effect. Watched incessantly by her late waiting-woman, aided by her husband and his mother, Albina saw no probability of escape. On the third day a horseman galloped into the Castle, who threw all the inhabitants into the deepest consternation; he took every male away with him, and left none but Albina's female attendants to watch her, who gathered from them that the

mob at S.— were proceeding with the chateaus as they had done at Paris.

On the following night, at a very late hour, a violent knocking was heard at the gate, and the terrified companions of our heroine insisted that the furious populace were come to destroy them. Albina urged the absurdity of those tears, and proposed that at least an enquiry should be made who was at the gate. Seizing the keys, she descended to the outer door, and demanded who was there? "For heaven's sake," replied the voice, "let me in; I am almost frozen to death; the Prince is not a league distant, and I am dispatched to announce his arrival." The crisis was now come for Albina's escape: as the waiting woman extended the gates to let the horsemen in, Albina, favoured by the darkness, slipped by, and was not for several minutes missed. When the Prince arrived he ordered a few servants to go in quest of her, and then retired to his strongest room, fearful of the enraged and injured people, who had loudly threatened to place him *à la lanterne*.

Albina, inadequately clothed for the nipping frost, overwhelmed with the fear of dangers and darkness, wandered she knew not whither into the forest. She had seated herself on the cold ground, and was gently sinking into the sleep that precedes death, when she was roused to new exertions by seeing horsemen with torches approach. She continued her fearful progress till she encountered a wall, in tracing which she fell down a few stone steps against a door, which gave way, and precipitated her into a subterranean vault. Stunned by her fall, she lay on the ground some time before her recollective powers returned. In a fit of despair she now called on heaven to bless her Edward, and end the sorrows of Albina.

At this juncture a deep hollow groan attracted her looks to some dying embers, near which lay the dark figure of a tall human being.—It arose, approached close to her, and then groaned with torture; at last it spoke. "Heaven has ordained the confession of my crimes!—nor dare I resist its awful injunctions!"—"Who, what are you?" exclaimed Albina, trembling and drawing back. "I am your enemy!"—exclaimed the unknown. "Know you not Bertrand Mys-
tere,—the spectre at Montmare-Castle!" Albina shrieked. The Monk for a moment was silent, and proceeded to ex-

merate the black catalogue of crimes he had committed against Edward, herself, and her friends. "And why did you treat me thus?" said Albina; "I never injured you!" This reproach was like a stab to the heart of Bertrand.—"O conscience," he exclaimed, "how dost thou gnaw my vitals!—Alas! I am doomed to everlasting misery!" A fit of frenzy succeeded, in which he fancied the ghost of Pascal visited him, and some time elapsed before he came to himself.

The feelings of Albina were wound up to the keenest sense of her wretchedness, and she burst into tears.—Suddenly the glare of torches shone through the gloomy vault, and the sound of approaching feet were heard. "As the mark of her feet in the snow ends here," said a voice, "she must be concealed in this passage." They now advanced to the spot where she was, and one of the party exclaiming, "Here she is!" Bertrand immediately placed himself before her, and drew his knife, protesting he would defend her with his life. The officer drew his cutlass, and, in advancing to attack the Monk, he trod on a grave, in which he sunk midway, and exhibited every mark of terror.—"Heaven declares for you!" exclaimed the Monk; "nor dare any now molest you!" Saying this, as he seized the officer's cutlass, he led Albina forth, and, wrapping her in his cloke, he placed her on the officer's horse.

The day having dawned in a beautiful and serene manner, he quickly conducted Albina out of the forest, and took her to a road that led to the town of W—. They had proceeded nearly a mile, when a person on full gallop, rode towards them; but, as the road was narrow, he drew up to let them pass. "Miscreant!" cried the man, "now I have thee!—no power on earth shall save thee!" And he presented a pistol to the head of Bertrand. "Forbear, Rameau; for pity's, for Albina's sake!" cried a female, unfolding the cloke which concealed her. Rameau's joy was equal to his astonishment, at seeing the Marchioness of Barfeldt; but when he beheld her so altered, pale, and emaciated, his fury rose, and he crossed the road to his victim, who was praying, and pointed the pistol at his heart. "Spare his life," again exclaimed Albina; "he has saved mine!" "And did this monster really save your life?" demanded Rameau. "Yes," replied Albina. "Another time I will tell you all; but now I am sick at heart!—

Mystere, when I have arrived in Switzerland, call upon me: you have cancelled my resentment!" "Eternal blessings attend you, lady," he ejaculated. "I go to seek heaven's pardon in a life of penance, and blunt the keen pangs of an evil conscience!" He then hurried across a footpath that led to the rigid convent of the Chartreux, to the Abbot of which he confessed, with deep contrition, his sins, and was admitted as one of the lowest monks.

Rameau, whom we mentioned before as setting out for the city of S.—to come to an explanation with the Marchioness, was one of the foremost of the populace who broke into the Bishop's palace; not finding her there, he flew to the forest mansion, and there met the object of his search escaping from it.

When Rameau and his lovely charge reached the town of W.—her languor increased alarmingly. Unable to bear the jolt of a carriage, they sailed down the Rhine, and in a few days passed through Rotterdam to Ostend. Here the physician declared her in a rapid decline; and the worthy Rameau for six weeks was her faithful and diligent attendant. He would have written to Edward, but Albina forbid him to add that unavailing pang to those he must already have felt which the knowledge of her innocence must convey; and this secret, in case of her death, she made Rameau faithfully promise to observe. Her disorder at length took a favourable turn, and several months elapsed before she was permitted to sail for England.

Edward Stanley safely conveyed his old friend Pascal to Bodenham, where the estate of his late uncle was in excellent repair.—It was let out to tenants, and netted £150 a year. The house was delightfully situated on the banks of the river Lug, and had an excellent orchard and garden behind it, of which Pascal took the superintendence; and with his books and the society of his son, passed the serene evening of life;

Edward however was not happy; he lived in the expectation of letters of importance from Rameau, but weeks passed over without any arrival. This faithful friend, a few days after his arrival at the city of S.—had written to inform him of the arrest of the Marchioness of Barfeldt, and the sequestration of her property. Edward, after a lapse of time, wrote to Rameau's friends in Switzerland, who knew

nothing of him since he was at S—. At length he received a letter from him at Rotterdam, but not a word of the Marchioness. To this succeeded another long silence, and the ignorance he found himself involved in upon subjects so interesting to his heart, at length made him pensive and unsettled. He frequently took long solitary rambles, in one of which he came to an uninhabited building, called Barhope, lying seven miles from Hereford, at the foot of Dimmore-hill. It had been the property of the Carter family, the youngest son of which had been hung in chains about forty years, for the murder of his brother; since when the house had been deemed haunted, and a report was strongly circulated that a tall object, clad in loose black robes, frequented that and the neighbouring woods.

While Edward stood looking on the gloomy mansion, he saw in the twilight the above figure advance.—It proceeded with slow heavy steps; Edward followed, and addressed it: “Humanity prompts me to ask who you are.—I would relieve you.” The figure took no notice, but stopped a moment, and then walked to the opposite angle, where it disappeared. Scarcely had Edward reached home, and told the adventure to Pascal, before the maid rushed in, exclaiming that she had seen the black apparition pass the door. Edward comforted the poor girl, and retired to rest with the determination of exploring the mansion the next day; but, Pascal being taken ill, Edward was compelled to delay his visit for a fortnight.

In the mean time a ludicrous adventure took place, which extended the fame of the ghost, and made our hero the more anxious to develope the mystery. Three Herefordshire bucks, an attorney, a son of Mars, and a sporting squire, one evening called at Wellington Inn, a short distance from Barhope-house: they supped heartily, and drank plentifully; at the close of the last bowl, to induce them to order another, the landlord began the story of the ghost which haunted Barhope-house. The result was an immediate determination on the part of the guests to lay the ghost; for which purpose they called their dogs, and set off armed.—Encountering an old woman in the way, they enquired of her what she had heard of the spirit they were about to subdue.—She added so many stories of terror to the history which the landlord had delivered, and gave such undeniable references to those who had felt its displeasure, that our

triumvirate began to halt.—Having told them that in the court-yard grew some brambles, through which they would find a door leading to the staircase, she departed, devoutly recommending them to the protection of heaven.

They now lighted a dull horn lantern, borrowed at the inn, and traced the entrance in the bramble bush.—Here a dispute ensued about who should *not* have the post of honour; and the dogs were at last ordered to *mount the breach*. This they did for a few paces, but suddenly stood still, sniffed, and growled in affright. After a short pause, the squire, reproaching his companions with cowardice, tremblingly entered the chasm, followed by all the group. Having traversed four dark chambers without interruption, they came to a large square room, over one side of which a broad white cloth concealed the tapestry. In a moment a circle of vivid light fell upon the cloth, in the centre of which was seen the Devil, in his most diabolical shape, dancing in flames. No incentive to flight was now wanting.—They all ran together, knocked out the light in their confusion, and rolled down stairs *pêle-mêle*, amidst the shrieks of their maimed dogs and the explosion of their guns.

They had just reached the road, when a post coach drew near, with two lamps in front.—In their fright they took this for a tremendous monster pursuing them, whose blazing eyes and frightful roarings made them take to their heels with all speed, and, to avoid its fury, precipitated themselves into a ditch.—The coachman afterwards took these adventurers into the monster's belly, and set them down at the inn, where a hearty laugh was raised at their expence.

A few days after Pascal's recovery, Edward heard the above story, and immediately proceeded to Wellington Inn, where he announced his intention of going to explore the mystery, and invited whoever chose to be of the party.—All the domestics followed him; and, as they traversed the rooms, Edward explained the simple causes which had occasioned their terror.—Screams and a flapping of wings were heard in one room, the door of which was no sooner opened, than a cloud of feathered spectres dashed against the faces of our adventurers, who called out for mercy, and ran to the landing place. “Poor simple fellows!” said Edward, “behold one of the spectres—it is nothing more than an owl!” Just as they had rallied, and were proceeding, footsteps were heard on the stairs, one of whom was Ralph

the hostler: the other man advancing to Edward, said something unintelligible to them, but it had such an effect on him, that he set off, followed by the unknown person, and left them waiting his return. In this direful state, they beheld the gallery door fly open, and the tall figure in black advance.—His angry look, dreadful gestures, and enormous stride, produced a general horror and flight, which terminated only at the inn.—Jacques Rameau was the person who had withdrawn Edward so hastily from Barhope-house. He had brought Albina with him from Ostend to Hereford; liere he took horse for Bodenham, but calling at Wellington in his way, learned that Sir Edward Stanley was at Barhope-house, where he proceeded. With what delight did Edward hear the irrefragable proofs from his friend of the Marchioness's innocence and love, as they rode to Hereford!

The meeting of the lovers was a specific for all the sorrows they had endured, and a double enjoyment Edward had yet to partake of, in the introduction of Albina to Pascal at Bodenham. The transports of souls rising through virtue superior to villainy are hardly to be described. Such were the feelings now of the four friends.—While the servants were all busily employed in preparing the supper, suddenly the parlour door opened, and on the threshold stood the tall dreaded figure of Barhope-house.—A smile shone from its austere countenance, and thus it spoke.—“Omnipotent and mysterious Power, impelled by thee to this spot, I thank thee!—Thy goodness had doomed that union which it was the business of myself, the nefarious Mystere, to prevent!”—Bertrand then looked on the ground, and fell at the feet of Edward, “Rise,” said our hero.—“In rescuing this lady from the lustful prince's power, you have destroyed my resentment. This house shall ever be open to you, and in contemplating our felicity, you will learn in what true happiness consists.” Pascal joined his forgiveness to that of Edward, and recommended the virtuous exercise of those great talents which had been so long dreadfully misapplied. “My peace is for ever broken!” said the Monk, resuming his former sternness.—“The remorse-struck, broken hearted, criminal can live only in the gloom congenial to his soul.—If the prayer of the accursed is heard, may the plenitude of felicity fall on this excellent old man and this virtuous pair!—Hark! the wind

rises!—night falls!—I go! farewell!”—The Monk then rose, and with hurried steps left the house, nor could the entreaty of Edward, who followed him, induce the penitent to return.

The motive which drew Bertrand to England was a fearful dream he had one night in the convent of the Chartreux. An angel, armed with a fiery sword, stood before him, and announced that, unless he could obtain the forgiveness of Edward Stanley, he must perish eternally! He awoke with a full determination to execute what he thought the injunction of heaven.—The Monk, when General of the Franciscans, had employed an agent to watch the young Englishman's motions: by him he learned his residence at Bodenham.—Thither he travelled, on foot, in his monkish garb, begging alms of the charitable, and enduring the severest hardships from his ignorance of the language, and precarious supplies. At length, one evening, he came in view of Barhope house, which he entered, and found it bore some affinity to the rigid convent he had quitted.—In this place he had lived till Edward one evening met him returning to his haunt, when he spoke, and the Monk recognised his figure and voice. Bertrand after this came to his dwelling, but seeing the door closed against him by the terrified maid servant, he abandoned the hope of obtaining forgiveness, and retired in despair to his sequestered abode—Bertrand, in strolling about the castle, found a magic lantern, the effect of which had so much assisted the three assailants from Wellington. The appearance of Rameau afterwards saved him from the fear of a second discovery. The wretched man at last determined to make another attempt to obtain forgiveness, and succeeded as before mentioned.—Edward not long after by reason and intreaty induced him to live in a lonely snug box on his estate, where the tyrant conscience often prompted him to deeds of abstinence and penance, to brave the tempest, and pass whole nights in wandering in the woods.—Rameau married a respectable farmer's daughter, and is as happy the man of integrity ought ever to be. The Marchioness recovered her confiscated estates from the Prince Bishop, and disposed of them immediately to augment the English property of the offspring of her and her beloved Edward.



FATAL PERSEVERANCE;

OR,

CHARLES and SOPHIA.

CHARLES S. a candidate for the holy ministry, held the post of instructor to a house of female correction, and lived an easy cheerful life in the free city of T. in Germany; the tribunal of which exercised justice more strictly than others better enlightened. He enjoyed a comfortable sufficiency, and made it a pleasure as well as his occupation to console and assist the afflicted; in the exercise of which good qualities his situation furnished him with many occasions. The only deficiency he felt in his wishes was the choice of a wife. He had cast his eyes on several ladies, but saw none perfectly adapted to his disposition: he sought for one who had been unfortunate, and whose sole happiness would consist in an equal mixture of gratitude and love.—A young lady had been conducted to the town prison on a charge of having murdered her infant, and, as it was generally believed that she would suffer for the crime, Mr. S. received instructions to wait upon and prepare her for the awful change.—The singular wish of our candidate, in the execution of this commission, was completely gratified.—He became enamoured of the unfortunate Sophia; he made her an offer of his best services, and was at once her confidant and friend. The following are the particulars Sophia related to him of her melancholy fall.—

“ I was the daughter of a lady of great respectability, whose rigid lessons of morality and virtue were early instilled int’ my mind. She loved me tenderly, and I endeavoured to repay her affection.—A young gentleman, a foreigner, had been introduced at our house, and became a frequent visitor.—Conceiving that the advances he made to me were not of the most honourable kind, I requested him to alter his conduct, and not compel me to lay him under

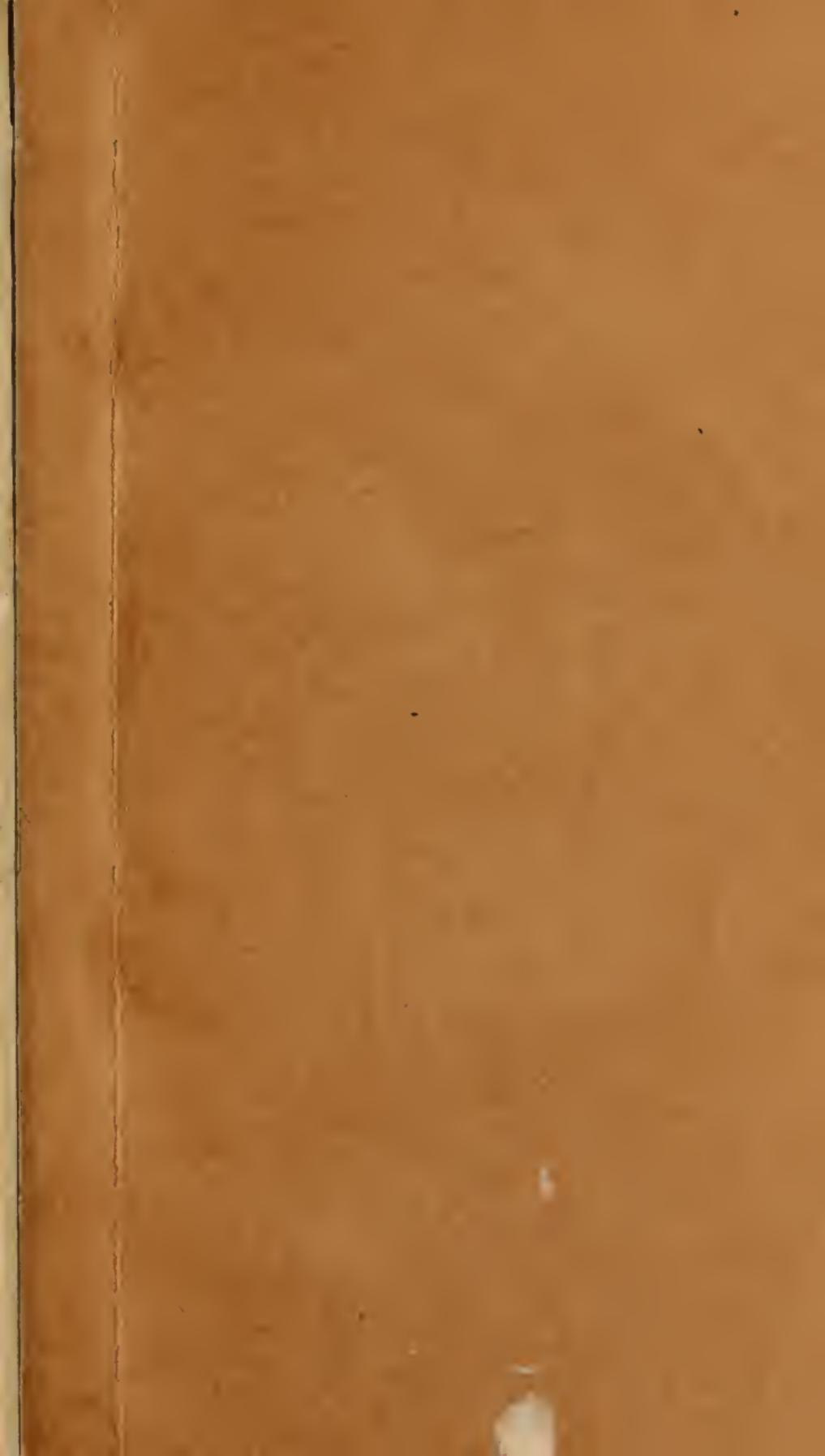
the scourge of parental indignation.—He listened, promised fair, and swore it was my mind rather than my person he esteemed.—He regained my confidence, and I trusted myself one night with him to a masked ball—an amusement of which I was extremely fond, though disliked by my parents. Having danced till I was thirsty, he brought me refreshments and wine, in which he had infused some drugs of a stupefying and enfuriating quality.—Alas! I fell a victim to the superior address of the villain, and the following morning felt all the horrors of my situation.—I looked anxiously day by day for the customary visits of my seducer, but he had flown away for ever!—When I became pregnant, on a pretence of illness, I adjourned to the country seat of an old aunt, the more readily to avoid detection and disgrace. The old lady received me kindly, and endeavoured to lessen the anguish of my heart:—At length the day of my delivery came, and happened at a time when the servant was out.—My aunt set off for the midwife, but before she returned, the pains of labour had seized me, and I became the mother of a girl!—In a lapse of reason I destroyed the little victim, nor concealed the fatal deed from the woman who came to attend me.—When my intellects had returned, what agonizing pains filled my bosom! but sorrow came too late; the midwife told my crime to the tribunal, whose awful decision I now await.”

During the recital Mr. S. shed tears, and, when he quitted her, he immediately flew to an advocate, who informed him that every chance of escape was fruitless, as she stood condemned by her own confession. Every day Mr. S. waited on the unfortunate Sophia, and became more enamoured at each visit.—“ Sophia,” said he one day to her, “ I will marry you.—Induced by my respectability and this step, I hope your judges will grant you a pardon.” Sophia wept but the more at his generous goodness, without indulging a hope of softening her remorseless judges.—The amorous Mr. S. then waited personally on the members composing the tribunal, and obtained from some the tear of compassion, from others a stern rebuke. At length the day of judgment having arrived, various were the opinions of the crowded and compassionating court.—The general wish however was deceived, and Sophia was sentenced to death!—When she was re-conducted to prison, the Candidate did not forsake her. “ My love,” said he, “ our happiness is at an end.”

They have rejected my proposal of marriage; I would yield up my fortune as a mullet; but they will have nothing but your life.—In taking your's, they take mine.—There is another world, into which it is my determination to follow you, since we cannot be united here.” Sophia fell at his knees, urged him by his love for her not to execute this rash design; but he adhered to his purpose, and told her soon to look for him in eternity.

On the dawn of the day of execution Mr. S. attended the wretched Sophia, encouraging her, and stated his intention of seeing her respectably interred; after which her grave should be the altar of their marriage. When Sophia mounted the scaffold, a general cry of pardon arose among the populace.—“Simple people,” said Mr. S. “when you die, may you have a soul as free from guilt as that of this dear unfortunate!—You call her wretched, who is about to enter into eternal happiness!—but ye speak from pity, not reflexion!” He tied the bandage himself on the eyes of Sophia, and having tenderly embraced her, he promised, in a whisper, to be with her before the sun had repassed the horizon.—She replied by a sigh, and in less than a second the executioner separated her head from her body.—The body having been delivered up to her friends, Mr. S. attended the burial, and evinced a spirit more firm and calm than could have been expected.—This, however, was but deceptive; for at midnight he scaled the churchyard walls, and, laying himself on the turf beside the grave of his dear Sophia, with a pistol he effected his fatal purpose, and was buried on the remains of the object of his affections.

F I N I S.





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